Non est mortale quod opto.
1647.

Non est mortale quod opto.
1647.

CHARLS TRIUMPHANT, &c.

This is that CHARLS, who did from CHARLS proceed;
Who ſhall in Greatneſs CHARLS the Great exceed.

CAROLUS e CAROLO deſcendens,
erit CAROLO magno major.

LONDON, Printed in the year, M DC LX.

H

Al

Re
Su

Gr
Me

My
Ar

XUM

TO THE KING OF KINGS, AND *LORD OF LORDS*,

His beſt Vicegerent *CHARLS* II. Who ſhall be greater than CHARLS the GREAT;

The Author wiſheth

All the Bleſſedneſs, and Glory; All the Love, and Power; All the Majeſty and Dominion that an earthly God is capable of.

Rex ſi me Argligenis vatibus inſeres,
Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice. Hor. Car. lib. 1. od. 1

Great KING if you'l be pleas'd to grace
Me in your heart with a near place
The world to come ſhall ſee
My head ſhall reach Heav'ns lofty Sphere,
And as the ſtars I will ſhine there,
Such ſhall my Glory be.

THE
AUTHORS
OPINION.

THE Choriſters of Heav'n rejoyce and ſing:
Beholding now the Triumphs of our King.
And he who grieves this bleſſed ſight to ſee,
Muſt either Devil or grand Rebel be;
Ah! curſt's that ſoul can be an Heraclite,
At the rejoycing of the Sons of Light.

THE Author TO THE READER.

READER I here have ſet before thine eyes
A heav'nly Image in Triumphant wiſe,
The ſacred Off-ſpring of thy Lord and King:
Let now thy heart a peal to heaven ring
At this ſo glorious a ſight; for why?
In viewing him thou view'ſt a Deity.

THE

THE AVTHORS HYMN.

O Let us now rejoyce and ſing
Praiſes unto our Lord,
Becauſe he hath reſtor'd our King
Even of his own accord.
How great his Kingdom to us is
In doing of the ſame!
O let us evermore for this
Extoll his Holy Name.
And let us thanks unto him give
For all his Mercies try'd,
And pray that long our *CHARLES* may live
Who us indemnifi'd.
And in the fire did caſt the rod,
His mercies bearing ſway,
For this praiſe we the Lord our God,
Praiſe we the Lord *I* ſay.

BEhold a Triumph which no ſervants ſcoff
Can poſſibly eclipſe, or e're put off.
For *CHARLES* his chariot ſhall triumphing run,
Coeval with the horſes of the Sun,
And loyal acclamations likewiſe make
Royal hearts dance, but hearts of Rebels quake.

Jo. Hobart

Of *Quarrington*

in *Merſham* in *Kent.*

ON

CHARLES Triumphant,

A

POEM,

Dedicated to His Majesty by *H. Oxinden* Esq;

Most gracious Soveraign,

AFter the Countreyes well meant dusty greets,
Turning the deserts in your road to streets;
And purpaste gladness of the gaudy town, [down,
Where some joyes were *heard* in some *swalow'd*

Be-

Beſides the ſhouts of the converted Hoſt,
Guarding before the Crown upon a Poſt: [Throne,
With Catsdung throngs of Courtiers 'bout the
Crowding for *places* till they left you none:
View this *Æſchylian* Authors loyal ſtrain,
Such Gratulations ſpend, and laſt again;
*B*orn without pangs, Offspring of Extaſie,
Since you *tranſported* was, why may not He?
Rapt with a *Soveraign* influence, 'bove thoſe
Whoſe thanks are healths profound, and ſhallow proſe.
Yet if your ſmiles infuſe not vital mirth,
'Twill prove abortive, or Saguntine birth;
Which comes your *Holocauſt*, if now it dies,
And if it ſtands, *your living ſacrifice*:
Firſt fruits from him, whoſe All for *Charles* is bred;
He that preſents the *feet*, dares ſtake the *head*.

H. B.

A

ON

On the moſt ingenuous

Author of *Charles* Triumphant.

THE ſplendid Triumphs of the Town and Court
Ambitious are to be great *Charles* his ſport;
Arches advanced be to raiſe his Name
Above the Clouds, till they obſcure their frame;
But this high Author only can advance
His fame beyond the power of force or chance;
*A*nd by the verdure of Poetick Bay
Make his whole life a Coronation day:
Others dread King may crown your head with gold,
This golden Verſe preſerves from growing old
Your eviternal praiſe; and in this thing
By b'ing his Subject, you are more his King.

Thomas Williams.

TO HIS

Moſt Honoured, becauſe moſt faithfull friend (the Author) upon his Triumphant Poem.

APollo's darling, for thy due renown
'Tis juſt thy Royal verſes wear a Crown:
My Muſe is dumb, whilſt thine ſublimely ſings
The beſt of Poets to the beſt of KINGS.
AUGUSTUS ſmiles, *CÆSAR* accepts a mite,
Now *VIRGIL'S* Genius doth Engliſh write.

Let common Poets prattle common things,
Whilſt Monarchs triumph on thy Muſes wings;
Sing noth' but Kings, thou can'ſt not higher riſe:
It is not meet *Joves* bird ſhould ſtoop at flyes:
Nature and Art being married in Thee,
Muſes conſerve their true Poſterity.

Heavens me defend from being thine Enemy,
I would not be laid forth before I die:
Who willingly would meet his Death, his Herſe,
His Funeral in thy Triumphant Verſe?

TO

TO HIS

Much eſteemed Friend and ever honored *Patron*, *Henry Oxinden* Eſq; upon his moſt incomparable Poem, *CH. TRI.*

Lately you wrote againſt our Hydra-ſtate
As a Sharp Satyriſt: and *Englands* fate
You did bewaile, and wiſely did preſage
If *Charls* were abſent in that direfull age
Religion would expire; her end was nigh;
So you prepar'd for her an *Elegy*:

But now your verſes in another ſtraine
Do runne, and ſing *Triumphant Iob* again;
Since which you once reſolved to ſet by
All verſe, and take your leave of Poetry,
But God would not permit your Muſe to ceaſe
In ſo much bleſſ'd and Halcyon times as theſe;

When Brittaine doth poſſeſs within her *Spheare*
Her wiſhed long expected *Iupiter*

Our

Our bleſſed Soveraign who in the ſpace
Of *twelve years* finiſhed his wandring race,
And now no longer ſhall a *Planet* be,
But a *Star fixt*, or Stationary.
Surely thoſe Gods who cauſ'd the *Star* to ſhine
At *Charls* His birth, to ſhew he was divine,
The very ſame ſent *Phœbus* down t' enſpire
Your mind, and kindle a poetick fire
At your books birth, where you ſo ſweetly ſing
The famous Acts of your moſt valiant King:
In ſtrains ſo raviſhing, as might provoke
The much amaz'd, and famous Royal Oak,
To follow you, as *Orpheus* once did make
The Trees to dance, and mighty Mountains ſhake

THE

The ſame to the Authors *Momus.*

If *Miſts* ariſe, and ſeem to cloud thy praiſe,
Think it not ſtrange, *Phœbus* can't chuſe but raiſe
Such envious vapours, therefore murmur not,
Such a *black cloud* is but your *Beauty-ſpot.*
This is your glory, for not only you,
But *Sol* himſelf wears theſe *black patches* too.

J. W.

Lib. 1.

1.

Lo I! who once had Helicon giv'en 'ore,
And thought to climb Parnaſſus Hill no more
I who the Funerall in forty nine
Sang of Religion, & did then divine
Untill King CHARLS came it would never have
A total reſurrection from the grave.
I who at that time earneſtly did pray
That Chriſt might to his Kingdomes lead the way,
And alſo wiſh'd, and that with good intent,
A ſpeedy end to the long Parliament,
And I the man who did in fifty one
extol Iobs' patience unto Heavens throne.
(The very Type of our Great Martyr ſlain
And his deare Son, rightly our Soveraign.)
And I who 'yerſt my fancy to delight
OXINDENORUM *ſeries* did write,
And did decypher bleſſ'd Elizas'bliſſe
Triumphant (would God I were where ſhe is)
And I who lately in my *Image Royal*
Extoll'd a Noble Soul for being Loyall.
And therein Monarchy did juſtly own,
Of Governments the beſt of all thats known:

...e very ſame who *Nol*, and's Noſe,
...Rump, and all King CHARLS his mortal foes
Admir'd alike; I, even I who have
Wonder'd who was of theſe the greater Knave,
Will to my paper once more ſet my p en,
And wellcome home the beſt of Kings and Men;
His Enemies diſclaime, his Glory ſing,
For 'tis my duty he's my Soveraigne King.

II.

And ſince, great CHARLS, I who thy ſubject am,
Have choſen thee the mi ror of all fame,
I'le ſcorne aſſiſtance from the Muſes Hill,
And pray great Iove himſelf to guide my quill;
For whilſt I of a God ſing, I defie
All helpe beneath that of a Diety.
Great Father Iove ſend from the Emperial Pole
A heav'nly ſpright into my loyall ſoul,
For now Divinities my Theame, ev'n He
Whom God himſelf hath ſaid a God to be.

III.

III.

GREATER then CHARLS the great thou ſhalt be; I
Aver it; for the Prophet would not ly, (ceed
Who ſaid a CHARLS, ſhould from a CHARLS pro-
Who ſhould in Greatneſs CHARLS the Great ex- (ceed
Great PRINCE this all men ſay is meant of Thee,
The Peoples ſpeech is Gods own ſpeech ſay we.
Surely Thou art already ſuch an One
As I the like on earth acknowledge none;
Thy Splendor's ſuch, as Traytorous is that eye
which ſpies not in Thee ſupream Majeſty.
Phœbus himſelf's eclypſed by thy Rayes,
O object worthy of the Angels praiſe!
The Cherubins and Seraphins on High
Are fitter far to ſpeak thy worth then I,
So that I doubt 'twill be in me too great
Preſumption of ſo high a King to treat,
And doubt like Phaeton whilſt I a pitch
Too high do ſoar, may fall down in 'the ditch:
How ere I muſt proceed, doubts get ye gon,
For I feel love himſelfe me ſpurring on.

IIII.

Creat CHARLS at whose bleſſ'd birth Heaven did (bring forth
A Star foreſhewing thy tranſcendent worth.
Which added luſtre unto Titans light,
More rare, more wonderfull then he ats hight,
How can I chuſe but thee admire, and love,
Being the off-ſpring, and encreaſe of Jove?
Tell me ye whole Chaldæan race, what e're
Ye be, if that ye can, why then, and there
It glorioufly appear'd, if not to ſhow
A God on Earth was born to us below?
One that ſhould us from Tyrants woes deliver,
Cut off th' entaile of th' Beaſt and Oliver,
Did not the ſtar which did in th' Eaſt appear
Full fifteen hundred fifty and nine year
Now paſt, to th' world betoken ſome ſuch thing,
Then being born a Saviour and a King?
Both Saviours; with rev'rence ,here's the odds
CHARLS is of men, CHRIST both of men and (GODs.

V. CHARL

V.

(time, but CHRIST
CHARLS bodies, CHRIST souls, CHARLS in
For ever saves, and is of Kings the high'st.
He CHARLS his Saviour is, as 'tis well known,
And CHARLS him for his Saviour doth own.
Ye Epicurean wits, who do surmize
Your selves to be so mystically wise,
Fancying Religion to be like the Law
Meere policy to keep bad men in awe:
And think ther's no such thing as providence;
Come, and sit down by me, and learn from hence
Ev'n from the Preservation of one,
And he a King, that now sits on is throne,
That God above who in the Heaven is
Hath an especiall care of all are his.
Witnesse thee *Scotland* when as Thou dia'st bring
Into a Labyrinth thy sacred King.
And who but God did help him safe thereout?
'Twas, He was He that did it, without doubt.
Witnesse thee *Wor'ster* likewise; where though he
Did shew admired Magnanimity,
And all the Cæsars since the world begun
Surpast in what was fitting to be done;

Yet being overpow'red ten to one,
And moſt of's men of war ſlain, others gone,
Alſo on every ſide with dangers cloſ'ed,
In humane ſence to noth, but death expoſ'd,
His Horſe twice underneath him deadly ſhot,
And the ſad battle laſting over-hot;
when lo! behold a Troope of Angels were
Sent by our God, to be his Lifeguard there,
And ſafely thence convey Him in deſpight
of *Cromwels* fury, or the Devils might.

VI.

'Twas God did put it in his mind to change
His royall Robes for thoſe that were more ſtrange
For ſuch an High, and Mighty Prince to weare
As He was, and to cut off all his hair,
Whereby he could paſſe better undeſcri'd,
And ſo himſelf, might in himſelf beſt hide:
Thus He to Foes a dark cloud did appear,
But to his truly friends a light moſt clear.
I ſay it was his God who did cauſe this
(By his own Genius) *Metamorphoſis.*

VII.

VII

Who was't great KING that made *Loves* own dear (Tree
To lure thee to't, and therein safe to be?
O sacred Tree? which didst at once enshrine
Three Kingdomes well fare, and a Power divine!
Surely when He was in Thee, thou didst hold
Such worth as Mortall man cannot unfold;
Nay which of all the Angels can declare
The heav'nly thoughts contain'd then in thy (Sphere?
The Oracle at *Delphos* never spake
Such truth, as He, when there He silence brake,
witnesse be Thou great Arbiter, above,
Who did'st Him hear, and his Supporter prove.

VIII.

Twas thou who sa'vdst our King, and mad'st a *Lane*
For his escape when CHARLS was in the wane,
A lovely *Lane*, whose close Mæanders were
So darke as none but friends could find him there?
Sweete Madam *Lane* how much I have admired
The holy wiles wherewith thou was't enspired?
When as the Happinesse of Kingdomes three
Solely,

Solly, and wholly trusted was with thee;
Never! ah never since *Eve* first did sin
Did any woman threds so finely spinne,
Which though in hast, and danger they were drawn
No fault could yet be found in all the *Lane*.

XI.

It was the Providence of GOD on high
(Whose name be prays'd to all Eternity)
Which did contrive wayes (O how strange, and rare,
How deep! how high, how vast his councels are!)
In order to our Kings escape, and made
The Sunne to be preserved by the shade,
Poor subjects now the Instruments to save
A mighty King from foes, from Death and Grave.
Who sayes that Miracles are ceased, since
His safeties one, and must our thoughts convince?
Not only many men, but women too
The huge, and mighty load did undergo
Of locking up a Secret in their breast,
Such as by no means ought to be confest,
Women I say lockt up safe in their breast
A secret by no meanes to be confest!
A secret which temptatio ns of Gold,
Or threats of punishments could not unfold,
A secret which most would have groaned under
And of't to be deliver'd burst asunder.

But

But GOD did hinder theſe from letting fall
Such words as might their royal Gueſt enthrall;
And did preſerve him ſince in *Spain* and *France*.
And the Low Countries to his own advance.
Oh may, great Prince, the Lord whoſe mighty arm
Upheld thee then, ſtill keep thee from all harm.

X

'Tis Thee, Great *Charls*, I ſpeak of, thee for whom
I have ſo long pray'd, let thy Kingdomes come:
All which thy Kingdomes now are come to Thee,
(Thanks be to God) and thou to them all three.
Th' art come to them, and ſure the Angels, they,
Even Gods own Hoſt Thee guarded by the way.
And doubtleſs he's an Atheiſt who not ſings
Beholding Thee brought home on Angels wings.
No *Sadauce* but would confeſs the ſame,
Had he our *Charls* ſeen then, when thus he came:
No Sceptick ought to doubt of this, and I
Think, to gain-ſay it, comes near Blaſphemy.
O how thoſe Angels at their Office joyed,
In which the Lord of Hoſts had them employed!
And to behold thoſe who had ſinners been,
Even Rebels late now turned from their ſin;
There is no doubt, thoſe Meſſengers of Light
Who do rejoyce when men turn to the right,

But

But that they did triumph when our King came,
For unſquar'd hearts he then put into frame:
So that at's landing I may boldly ſay
Both men, and Angels kept a holy day.

XI.

Hail CHARLS ! who came ſo well attended, hail
To whom GOD *Neptune* did his Trident vaile,
And his dear *Amphitrite* gladly bring
All her faire Nymphs to view ſo great a King:
No wonder then that calme the waters were
Sith *Neptunes* Maſter CHARLS himſelf was there.
Beſides the Sea-GOD had the winds commanded
Not to be boiſtrous till his gueſt was landed;
And had a minde to ſee's own daughters dance
Before the true, and lawfull Heir of *France*;
The ſame who rules great *Brittanie*, and with all
Ireland, thoſe Seas the narrow Seas we call,
Whoſe moveing Caſtles make the Ocean tremble,
And ſome of its great Borderers diſsemble.
Wtineſſe thee *Holand*, and the reſt; but I
Now leave you ſtriking ſaile to's Majeſty.

XII.

XII.

Haile CHARLS once more of whom the Sea-Gods care
So great was, that He in his armes you bare,
And in whoſe preſence ſo much mirth did paſſe
As after times will doubt how great it was.
Some ſay the waters ſmil'd for joy, cauſe they
Your comp'ny had, this merry month of May,
And ſome affirm the fiſh your health did quaffe,
Whilſt the ſea Goddeſſes did ſing, and laugh;
Some Fiſh did halfe above the waters riſe,
Off'ring themſelves to you a ſacrifice;
Others as ſure to leap for joy were ſeen,
As if that they had there tranſported been,
And certain 'tis, ſome wondered to ſee
The very ſhip that held your Majeſty,
And well may this be true, ſith I do know
Some men as well as Fiſhes that did ſo.
O famous ſhip which did'ſt three Kingdomes hold!
This *Argo's* glory who can well unfold?
O ſhip whoſe precious lading ſure was ſuch
As that all *India* was not worth ſo much:
O ſhip deſerving highly to be graced
And 'mongſt the Stars in Heav'n to be placed;
Sith it hath brought of Mortals all, the flower
Unto the Britiſh ſhore, in a good hower,
Which ſome Fiſh following would not give over
Unltil they ſaw you ſafe arriv'd at Dover. XIII.

XIII.

Now might Pythagoras have hea'rd if e're
The pleaſant Muſick of each heav'nly Sphere,
And I my ſelf, had I above them been,
Ioves Choriſters for joy triumphing ſeen;
Yea ſome have thought that the damn'd Spir'ts be
Had intermiſſion of their torments now, (low
And *Heraclitus* though he n'ere before
Was ſeen to laugh, might have laugh'd on this
But certain 'tis ſome perſons I did view (ſcore,
who were ſo glad, as they themſelves not knew.

XIV.

Some in their thoughts ſo rapt now up on high
As with their heads they touch'd the lofty sky
Some knew not whether on the Earth they went,
Or their feet trod upon the Firmament.
Other ſome could not poſſibly refraine
Aloud by words their gladneſſe to explaine.
Some hollowed as if that they had ment
The aire to cleave, and clouds aſunder rent
By their exceeding noiſe, which was ſo great
As it did reach up to Olympus ſeat;
Nor is't a wonder this was done by men
Sith conduits *French*, and *Spaniſh* utter'd then.

XV.

XV.

But O how Neptune foam'd for anger, when
He ſaw that you would part, and how He then
Roared for grief, when you were neare the ſhore,
Fearing He might not ſee you any more;
And when he ſaw that you would from him go,
He bad the riſing billowes anſwer No,
And ſo they did, which many an one did hear
Who to your landing place were very near,
And for a need the truth thereof can ſweare,
For they did ſee the ſame when they were there.

Lib. 2.

1.

And did the King at *Dover* land? then O
You *Dubrians* thank him for doing ſo,
Thanke Him for ever for the great renown
His Majeſty did bring unto your Town; runne
Now may't be ſaid whil'ſt Sol his courſe ſhall
Here landed CHARLS our King, St. CHARLS his
(ſon.
Fame will ride Poſt proclaming the world over
That CHARLS the Martyrs ſon did land at *Dover*.
What land ſo barbarons as will not hear
In ſhort time now of famous *Dover* Peere?
And what brave Soul who is at's own command
Will not come ſee the place where CHARLs did
O ſacred Place! (and be't in th' Annals put) (land?
That had the honour firſt to kiſſe his foot:
All ye that ſee it revetently bow,
And with devout affection Kiſſe it now;
Fond Pilgrims who St. *Thomas* foot-ſteps kiſſe,
Behold King Charles's holyer then his!
(I meane the foot-ſteps of St. *Tom* a *Becket*
Who in the World did once make heavy racket,)
CHARL'S footſteps are divine, and who ſhall trace
His ſteps, he doth to heaven bend his race
Much ſurely are we bounden to our King,
Who leads the way which doth to Heav'n bring.

11 Charls

II.

CHARLS did at *Dover* land; a happy day
For as it was the twenthy ſixt of *May*, (ſcore
Th' one thouſandth year ſix hundred and three-
Of CHRST our SAVIOUR, when he came o're;
A day and year not e're to be forgot,
He is a Rebel ſanctifies it not:
The Sun did then put on his brighteſt Rayes,
And with brave Monck attend him on his wayes,
Now with all Chriſtendome might *Kent* alone
Have ſurely ſtood in competition:
Sole *Kent* all Chriſtendome then need not fear
When our moſt High, and Mighty CHARLS is there,
What nam'd I CHARLS? that very name (doth ſpell
Deliverance, if we obſerve it well:
For 'tis a moſt aſſured truth, that none
Could have deliver'd us but Hee alone,
None could have ty'd the hearts of men but Hee
In Millions of knots of amity.
Hen'ry the Roſes, *James* two Kingdomes joyn'd,
But CHARLS was He three Kingdomes that en-(twin'd)
And O how mightily all things rejoic'd
As ſoon as our Kings landing ſafe was noyſ'd!
As if they had eſteemed it high Treaſon
To have done otherwiſe in ſuch a ſeaſon:
The Bells 'ore-joy'd were heard this *Pſalm* to ſing
Over, and over oft, *God ſave the King*:

The

The Churches they ſtood ſtill; and it is well
They did ſo, Lambert once had rung their knell,
The Orthodoxe Divines did joy (and pray)
Their joyes were Orthodoxe, as well as they:
They gave God thankes their Sov'raign was
(And well they might, their livings were adjo
untill his comming:) and the Guns great ſou
Drown'd all, and made braines to their King tu
Such as before not much enclined were
To do ſo, yet they did it, He being there.

III.

Nature was now beheld in her beſt dreſs
To welcome home ſo longed-for a Gueſt,
I ſaw the trees clad in a greene attire,
And ſome for joy ev'n up to heav'n aſpire:
I ſaw the Earth with flowers her ſelfe adorne,
(Never more fine before ſince I was borne,)
And in her lap the Lilly, and the Roſe,
Iſraels brav'ſt King came ſhort of thoſe,
(In all his Royalty he nere alas!
As they were then (I know't) ſo cloathed was.)
I ſaw the very Beaſts tow'rd Him make haſt
Fearing, it ſeemes, which of them ſhould come

This is moſt certain I can boldly ſay,
Some Horſes which to *Dover* came that day,
Together with their Riders can explain
This Truth of mine, ſhould I be thought to feign.
And why may this unlikely ſeem to be,
Sith ſome the very ſtones themſelves did ſee
Move *CHARLS*-ward on the beach; this is moſt true
Many an honeſt man had them in view.
But that which ſeemth yet to ſome more ſtrange
Is, that ſome Rebels then were ſeen the change
To ring, (for joy of's landing) yet 'tis ſo,
God mov'd their hearts to what their wills ſaid no.

IV.

But what I now ſhall witneſſe will appear
Leſs diſputable, ſith it is ſo clear.
I ſaw bright *Phœbus* with a chearful eye
Humbly ſalute his ſacred Majeſty,
His earneſtneſs was ſuch to kiſs his hand,
As *Monk* his own ſelf could not him withſtand,
True 'tis the great *Commander* did deſire,
To keep him off, but he grew hot as fire
By the repulſe; he would not be ſaid no;
For why? he knew't his duty to do ſo:
And therefore he this took ſo much amiſs,
As when *Monk* bow'd his Soveraigns hand to kiſs;

He in revenge of th' offered disgrace
With red hot beames did fly into his face,
But when as *Phœbus* saw 'twas *Monk* did stand
Between them, he was friends and kiss'd his hand,
Even as he did his sacred Majesties: (wise
More needs not here, few words are best to th'

V.

But then how joyfull the good Generall was
To see his Soveraign in so good a Case,
Cheerefull, and well arriv'd; without control
It cannot be expres's'd by any Soul,
Surely his heart did in his body daunce
To a great hight, even in the sight of *France*.
The sight of *France* which truly I do know
Unto my King obedience to owe,
Make, make them pay't, O mighty Man of war,
The name of Moncks enough all *France* to scare,
Thou that hast here three Nations conquer'd soon
Surely may'st *a l e mode* quick conquer one;
And do thou banish those base Knaves from
(thence
Who banish'd CHARLES, what e'r was their
(pretence
Encrease of honor shall thy Temples Crown,
And *Albemarle* be ever in renown.

V

VI.

Befool'd and Mazerin'd *France* repent, repent,
Who twice did'ſt ſend our Prince to baniſhment,
Our Phænix Prince extracted from the ſumme
Of the bleſs'd aſhes of true Martyrdome;
By my conſent thy Antick modes wee'l baniſh,
And drink no other wine but what is *Spaniſh*.
Nor will we though ſome Prote'ſtants now
To love the faithfull *Spaniſh* Catholick, (ſtick
For their great Charity did reach from *Spaine*
Paſt Faith and Hope, ev'en unto *Charls* his waine;
Heav'n notice takes thereof, and hath ſet down
So good a worke, and ecchos its renowne.

VII.

Would GOD I had the whole world in a ſtring
That I might now preſent it to my King,
Yet had Iſo I really believe
Like *Alexander*, I ſhould ſadly grieve
Becauſe there were no more worlds, whereof I
Might make a preſent to his Majeſty.
Ah! how it ſadds me that it ſhould be true
Some yet ſhould thinke much to pay him his due,
When all they have too little for him is.
For they being Traytors all they have is his,
'Tis his by right, what ever they poſſeſſe,
And all true Cavalleers beleive no leſſe.

VIII

Brave Cavalleers, the expectations which,
At your Kings landing did your hearts enrich:
And the great hopes and joyes you did ſurround,
I'l leave it unto Fame her ſelf to ſound;
Who commonly although ſhe do report
Actions at large, in this ſhe muſt come ſhort.
For let her ſpeak the utmoſt that ſhe can,
She can't ſpeak ont the thoughts of many a man,
Who thither came; nor more than ſhe can mine,
Whoſe heart to him 'bove *Ela* doth incline. (Him,
Heav'n knows my heart, He knows I wiſh t'endear
So much to me, as he might place me near Him;
Then ſhould I think my ſelf with God to be,
For where King *CHARLS* is, ſure enough is He.

IX.

From *Dover* my dear Prince of high renown
Was pleaſ'd to bend his march to *Barham Down*,
Attended by a noble train of thoſe,
Whoſe chief delight themſelves was to expoſe
To any danger, or do any thing,
Wherein they might ſhew duty to their King;

Some

Some of them were of that ſame golden number
Who many nights did neither ſleep, nor ſlumber,
For very grief ofs Majeſty's hard caſe,
To think how he from's Kingdomes baniſh'd was,
And they together with him, and the reaſon
Forſooth muſt be cauſe he committed Treaſon;
A King act Treaſon? Ye why not? juſt ſo
Heav'n may turne Traytor to the Earth below,
Divinity it ſelfe accuſed be
For ſtrange Rebellion 'gainſt Humanity,
This this a laſs was the pretented cauſe,
But ſure it is that the intended was
Unto this curſed end, that they themſelves
Who baniſh'd him (Hobgoblings, Furies, Elves,)
Might play their frantick tricks, and daunce the (rounds
Whilſt He was ſure enough without their bounds:
And that they might his Treaſure, and his Lands
His Forts and caſtles keep in their own hands.
Lord God of Heav'n, was ever the like known,
As what hath been in this age of our own?
Let all the Hiſtories are penn'd be view'd,
If one can match our caſe, I will be Hugh'd,
And with old *Oliver*, and *Bradſhaw* dwell,
And I do think I had as good b'in Hell.

X.

But ſtay in following theſe wee'r gon ſo far!
Out of the way, as lets ſee where we are,
(The Lord have mercy on us)Hell well nigh,
Where *Oliver* and *Bradſhaw* I eſpie,
And *Hugh* likewiſe, O how my heart doth burne
Into the way I ſtray'd from, to returne.
My meaning is toward *Barham Down*, where I
With mine own eyes beheld his Majeſty,
In tranced I did ſee this bleſſed ſight.
When *Paul*-like I was raviſh't with delight,
At his right hand the *Duke* of *York* did ride,
And *Gloſter Duke* cloſe by his brothers ſide,
(Brave Souls!whoſe fame *ſurmounted* hath the Stars
As they have Merc'ry, and the God of wars.)
At's left great *Monck* with reverence did attend him,
And ready was, and willing to defend Him
If any need had been, but there was none,
Charls had been ſafe, had he been here alone.

XI.

But O how many Noble ſoules were there,
To ſee their long'd for Sun, ſhine in his ſphere,

And

And the bright morning Star which did fore run
The faire, and glorious riſing of that Sun
Leading wiſe men unto their King, good Lord
Thou knoweſt, who there thy preſence did'ſt afford!
This, This was at ſweet *Barham Downe*, the *Downe*
Which after times ſhall er'e have in renown:
It will not need be now for me to ſay
That here 'twas *Caſar* did his Hoſt array,
Tuſh, this is nothing to the glory which
Our King beſtowed, whoſe ſight did it enrich,
For why? hereof great *Barham Down* ſince boaſts
When CHARLS was there, were many Lords of Hoſts.

XII.

Rejoice ye men of *Barham* for the honour
Your King, and Nobles then beſtow'd upon Her,
For here the Royall meeting was, 'twas here
Where a God did in humane ſhape appeare,
And reconcile himſelf to man'y of thoſe
Who had of late been his degenerate foes:
Five thouſand and ſix hundred years and more
By ſeaven it is (I ſurely know) before
The world was made, ſince which there hath not (been
Any Sight here ſo glorious to be ſeen;
Great King I thank thee, cauſe Thou did'ſt appear,
And honour that ſame place which I live near.

XIII.

XIII.

Wellcome great Prince, whoſe preſence now we
Makes us once more good Chriſtians to be, (ſee
Alas ! before unto us thou did'ſt come,
Tis ſaid we were no part of Chriſtendome;
Thou haſt R'eligion rayſed, Gods faire daughter,
Of which moſt talk'd of, though but few ſought
We fore thy coming could not find her out (after:
Shee was ſo fouly mangled by the rout,
And in a monſtrous hurry (O ſad ſtory ;)
Was made away with by the Directory
In a Scotch miſt, and buried in the City
Of factious *London*, ah the mores the pitty !

XIV.

Welcome great Prince, and all thy Subjects Royall
Who are come with Thee, and continu'd loyall ;
Our ſin the cauſe was that ye baniſh'd were,
For we, a las ! mov'd too much out of ſquare,
And now good Prince wee'l mend our lives by
You b'ing a ſacred Pattern ſhall be mine, (Thine,
Such had been great King *David*, and his ſon
Had both their vertues in one current run
Unmixt with vice ; and ſuch had *Adam* been
Had He held out a ſtranger unto ſin.

XV. Thrice

XV.

[three,
Thrice welcome great Prince to thy Kingdomes
Whose whole Well-being rests so much in thee;
Thou art beloved both of God and man,
To this both heav'n and earth bear witness can;
And sith that thy great GOD, who is the King
Of Kings and Lords, who ruleth every thing, (thee,
Loves thee so well, and makes all hearts to love
And hath plac'd none except himself above thee.
Surely we honour ought thy sacred name,
And to the throne of *Jove* extoll thy Fame
Make thee our Center, and draw every line
Of love unto it, 'cause thou art divine

XVI.

You are divine, and in you is the sum
Of all that's good in Kings through Christendom,
The several vertues which do make them be
Accounted royal, all abound in Thee
Unmixed with their vices: Your heart wears
The *Spanish* wisdome, but its pride forbears,
The *French* activity you own and love,
But of their fickleness do not approve.
The like may said be of the rest, but I
Cannot delineate the Cosmography

Of

Of your endowments, which ſuch are, that all
May you *le Graind Charls*, *& le boon Charls* call
Round Hypocrites themſelves this truth confeſs
In heart, what ere their lying tongues expreſs.

XVII.

You are divine, and all your words are true
As Oracles, your actions Lawes renew;
Your Prudence, and your valor both excel,
And Temperance and Juſtice in you dwell;
Your other vertues, too, ſo many are
That they the ſtars ſurpaſs in number far:
And true 'tis I the Stars do finite know
To be; but, Sir, your vertues are not ſo.
May King and Angels on you wait, all who
Highly admire your words and actions too.

XVIII.

You are divine above all earthly things,
Deſcended from more then a hundred Kings,
Hence in your veins, the quinteſſence doth flow
Of the beſt blood of all the gods below.
You are divine much after Gods own heart,
To whom he hath vouchſafed to impart

S

So many ſpecial graces, as if He
Had you intended a Monopoly.
You are divine, intuitively ſuch
As from Gods Angel doth not differ much,
Whereby you in your ſelf a Council are,
Such as excells all earthly Councils far.
You are divine, and on you all may ſee
(Who are not blind) ſuch beams of Majeſty
Darted from Heaven, as do plainly make
You of Gods image royal to partake.
You are divine, and only him are under (wonder.
Who made of noth', and fills the world with
Princely's your port! Imperial is your face!
Sacred your eyes, and heav'nly is your Grace!
You are divine by *Father* and by *Mother*,
A pair, ſuch as the world cann't ſhew another:
He the worlds mirror is, and ſo is ſhe,
The like are you unto Eternity.
Pardon great Prince this my attempt to ſpeak
Of your perfections ſince my skills ſo weak
That it of them (alas!) comes ſhorter far
Then th' earth is diſtant from a fixed ſtar.
And O dear *Mary*, mother of my King,
And God, pray ſpeak my pardon for this thing.
(Hail *Mary* full of Grace, the Lord with thee
Be with, thou amongſt women bleſſed be;
And bleſſed be the fruit of thy chaſt womb,
The King of Triumphs, Heir of Martyrdome,

Thus

Thus royal ſouls do pray with one accord
Through Jeſus CHRIST our only ſaving Lord.

LIB. 3.

I.

Now call *I* Heav'n above, and Earth below
To witneſs whether I ſay truth or no ;
Before our Kings return mnay ſoar neck
Was vex't with tumors, which no Art could check,
Which he hath cured, even with a touch,
Nol or the *Rump* could not do half ſo much.
The cures they did, they did them with a ſtring,
With Sword and Piſtol, or with ſome ſuch thing.
They kill'd, not cur'd ; they ſaved never an One,
CHARLS cureth many, but he killeth none :
His very preſence only hath abated,
O're three whole N ations ſwellings ſo dilated,
As ſome thought them incurable, and I
Know that the cure for man was much too high.
All ye that ſcruple to believe, untill
Your ſight convince your Reaſon 'gainſt your will,
Go ſee your King do things all ſence above,
And tell me then if that your hearts don't move
Kingward, and whether you not think that He
Participates much of Divinity.

For

or my part I believe he doth, and why?
ehold! he acteth things for man too high!
never yet could any reason see
or these his cures, most wonderfull to me,
he more I do admire them, I the more
dmire, and still admiring here give o're.

II.

Great King, before You came, we had threeskore
Vice-Royes to king it over us, nay more,
od knows how many, yea our servants all
Our rebell Masters were both great and small.
Did not we do what they would have us then,
The Table's turn'd, we must turn Servingmen,
And wait their worships pleasures: O rare chang!
When all things did thus arsie versie range:
And little better with us, 'twould have been,
Had the wolf chanc'd to rule in the *Lambs* skin.

III.

Now to the end that aftertimes may know
As we do (to our cost) and shun the woe,
To have a Church and State (alack!) without
A Head and Guide, *I* here have set ours out

In part, as it was lately ; ah how then
Transcendent were the sins of our Church-men !
Even so as that Hyperboles most high
Too weak are to express their summity !
Ye Myter'd Angels, and ye Priests divine
Did not unto their crying sins encline.
'Twas ye *Geneva* Bulls were much to blame,
Yea wild, and some doubt, ye are scarce yet tame,
So as ye will to woolfs and foxes be
Joyn'd rather, then unto the *Hierarchy*,
And first make choice of any *Jack* to raign
Then your own King, if he fit not your vein :
And O how strongly are ye bent to be
Each one of you that in Epitomy
You can't at large ; and make your fingers small
More heavy than the loins of Bishops all !
This is so true as none may doubt of this
Hypotyposial Periphrasis.
Your crimes are such as have ascended to
That place to which scarce Anti-Kings will go
And they who th' Heavenly Hierarchy can't ever
Endure ; amongst the Angels dwell may never,
As some do think : who do in Heaven prove
Order to be, as well as joy and love.
Sure there is order there and Monarchy,
Or else no place 'twere for a Diety..
And is this so ? O then let Earth resign
Its model, to Heav'ns pattern most divine.

And my dear Prince ſith you intend to raign
In wiſhed for Peace, order in Church maintain.
Now by your leave, *I* will proceed, and ſay
Lately in what confuſion we lay.

IV.

Before you came, alas! both Church and State
Were in condition moſt diſconſolate,
Our learn'd and beſt Divines they were put out,
And Weather-cocks put in, which turn'd about
Nol-wards or *Rump*-wards, they not car'd which,
So that the wind which blew did them enrich:
The Lord forgive them, how was't in their mind
Inſtantly to embrace each riſing wind! (lieve,
They preach'd what they themſelves did not be-
And like old *Hugh* each one laught in his ſleeve
At their deluded Auditors to ſee
What fools they were, and would ſo cheated be.
And this to the end they might more ſlily do,
Extreamly long they pray'd, and preached too,
So as they wearied God himſelf thereby,
Who hated their prolix hypocriſie:
Treaſon and Nonſence were the uſual flowers
Wherewith they grac'd their ſermons of two hours
Too long, alas! no loyal Subject could
Hear them with patience, ſo blaſpheme they would

God

God and their King; one would have thought t
Had ſpoken in them, or ſome ſpirit evil. [dev
The *Sacraments* that are the bonds of Peace
They would not give, leſt unity ſhould encreaſe
Whereby men might agree in one, and bring
Him home, whom they had long preach'd down
[their Kin
The Churches ſtones ſomtimes to weep were ſee
Whil'ſt in their preſence theſe things preach'd h
And I am ſure ſo fretted was old *Paul*, (beer
In the mean while, as he was like to fall ;
And God himſelf being angry, his wrath burn'd
And hath them now out of their Pulpits turn'd,
And O how juſtly ! for as ſure as *Gun*
Would them uphold, this commonly was done.

V.

Before you came our Nations were a Jail,
A headleſs Monſter, with a Noſe and Tail,
A helliſh *Bedlam* without any light,
Oceana like, a ſenſleſs *Babel* right;
A ſecond Chaos more difform by far
Than was the firſt, for now did meet and jar
The ſeeds of all Antipathies together,
And in a moſt unnatural War perſever.

T

he wrangling Elements did ſtruggle all
ike ſcolds at *Billinsgate* in a fierce brawl,
nd we like *Moles*, did in the darknes live,
o Sun, or Stars to us the light did give:
nd whilſt we thus were muſled up with woe,
diſmall caſe! few knew that they were ſo
hat ſickneſs is moſt probable to kill
hat doth not let the Patient know He's ill;)
las! this ſickneſſe did the heart oppreſſe,
et in moſt danger ſtill we fear'd the leſſe:
hilſt our State-mountebanks gave hopes and ſaid,
's well no doubt, you need not be affray'd.
the meane while, lo! they ſuch Phyſick gave
might prolonge the Cure, but would not ſave;
d then they did adminiſter moſt ſtrong
d violent purges, which wrought over long;
d when they ſaw theſe did not do that good
ey did expect, they fell to letting blood
n the Baſilick veine, and let it run
till Death had their Patients ſeized on,
imes! O madneſs this was our ſad caſe
hilſt the proud heeles uſurped the heads place.

V.

Sir 'fore you came, our Lawes (O horrid!) stood
Like Draco's ah! all turned into blood,
And our choice Rights were not disputed, but
Like to the Gourdian knot asunder cut,
Or else blown up with Gunpowder; and which
Is more; such cruelty did then bewitch
Our new fleg'd Tyrants, that they burdens lay
Too heavy on us, yet storm'd when we pray'd
For our deliverance; ready to give o're,
If we cry'd out, then they would load us more;
And when our backs, and sinewes all were strayn
They would but jeer us and give out we feign'd

VI

Nor were these all the mischiefs we endured,
And with which we a long time were enured
During your absence, Sir alas! no soul
Can set them out they were so sad and foule.
Worse then the Plagues of Ægypt they sent out
Strange Caterpillars, their own rabble rout,
Their Myrmidons, and Furies came to fear us
(tear
Their Teazers, and their Bloodhounds can

The *Centaures*, *Nemesis*, and *Atropos*,
Came rushing in with *Æacus*, and *Abros*, [broth
Minos and [illegible], Rhadamanthus thes
Brought with them Proserpin and many others;
Sphynx, and the Satyrs with Meduſa came,
The Minotaures and Gorgons did the same:
Ev'n Cerberus himselfe was now let looſe,
With the huge monstrous Gyant bold Typheus,
And the damn'd bratts of Acheron and Nox.
Together with them brought Pandora's boxe,
And Æta's daughter, men in shew divine
With helliſh Charmes turn'd into monstrous (swine:
Ællo, Celæno and Ocypete
Comin to help fill up the Tragedy
And that which added moſt unto our doom
Was that old *Nic* himselfe did also come!
This was our Caſe, and ten times worſe, Great King,
Before you came; but now there's no such thing.

VIII.

But what muſt we be called all this while?
Forsooth a Commonwealth; a goodly stile!
But certainly it was a common woe,
The Lord of Heaven knew it to be so:
Where Traytors even such as were of old
A *Metempſuchoſis* did now unfold;

For *Cain*, and *Judas* with proud *Catiline*
Returned were in vizards most divine,
Cruel Procrustes with *Tiberius Nero*,
Busiris, *Phalaris*, and *Biberius Mero*:
Besides th' *Athenian* tender hearted crew
Did Rumpishly our miseries renew.
Ah! such strange Monsters as now in our *Isle*
Reign'd; ne're were seen in *Africk*, *Inde*, or *Nile*,
Where to the making up our English Saints
The Infidel, *Turkes*, *Iews*, and Sycophants,
The subtle Foxe, the Panther, and *Hiena*,
The Hydra, Crocodile, and Amphisbena,
The Mermaydes, Tygres, and the Scorpion
Did all most divelishly concur in one.
Religion these did look on as a bable,
And GODS own sacred word as a mere fable:
How many thousand souls were heretofore,
And ere the world doth end how many more
(Yet still before their grand cheats, they would fast,
And pray and preach unto the very last.)
Will be betrayed by the great abuse
Of that word which is of most Soveraign use;
And though Religion have been made a bawd
To Pride, Ambition, Avarice, and Frawd,
A stirrop to get up to Kingly power,
A lather to ascend rich *Cræsus* Tower,
And though that under neath its mask some have
Been naught, and vile, and often play'd the Knave.
Yet 'tis impossible for any one

To clime to Heaven without Religion.
Laverniones now regarded were,
But few did to *Apollo* honour bear,
For by *Bellona Themis* baniſhed was,
Aſtræa, and *Minerva* in like caſe;
Mnemoſyne of ſmall account was deem'd,
And all the nine as little were eſteem'd,
Witneſſe thee *Clio*, and *Melpomene*,
Enterpe, *Thalia*, *Calliope*,
And thou *Terpſichore*, and *Erato*,
Polymnia, and bright *Vrania* too;
Oxford and *Cambridge* alſo witneſſe may
This for a need no more belov'd then they;
And our *Metropolis* can likewiſe ſhow
This truth, from whence much of our wos did flow,
Where ſome with rampant Liberty grew mad,
And Parl'aments without their Head as bad,
Where Croſſe, and Harpe in the Rumps breaches joyn'd
With God without them, you might ever find:
Where our Prorectors Rebels did protect,
But loyall Subjects kill, or elſe reject,
Where Councils (ſuch of ſafety men did call)
Made it their common courſe us to enthrall:
Keepers of Liberty did helpe t'enſlave
Three Nations, and brought them to their grave;
If this a Commonwealth were, ſurely Hell
A Common wealth may ſtyled be as well.

XI.

IX.

Ah in thy abſence we did God forſake
And had got near unto Avernus lake,
'Tis thou haſt brought us back again, who feare
Shoul'd thou not ſtay, we ſhould be as we were;
And that full ſoone, and altogether by
The eares; ſure ſuch would be our deſtiny!
Like damn'd Enceladus the Rump once more
Would vent its flames out as it did before;
And what is it *John Lambert* would no do
To drive his ends, though he to Hell might go?
Goblings and Elves, and Furies then would dance
And lead the female Quakers in a Trance,
And the new Lights would riſe th' old to Eclipſe,
And ſhe Fanaticks roundly will -E-wipſe.
Nay which is more then this? tis thought by ſome
(And ſo thinke I) *Pluto* again would come
And act his old ſcene o're, and a worſe too,
If *Hugh*, and Hee could poſſibly it do,
Together with their black Crew, for tis ſaid
They have a mind to 't, and the plot is laid.

X

X.

Now enter *Hugh*, the bellowes of our evil,
An instrument most fitting for the Devil,
Thou Tumbler, Lurcher, and Virtumnian spawne,
Thou Traytrous Mountebank, fit to be drawn
Hanged, and quarter'd, and thy limbs on high
Set up, Rebellious souls to terrifie.
Amphibious Villain! I no words can find
Which can set out thy falſe, and double minde
Art Thou not *Hugh* that Hocus Pocus which
Rack'd Hell, and skim'd *Don Dis* thy self t' enrich
That linsy woolsy sacred Dragoneer,
Who in sheeps clothing foremost did'st appear
Against thy King, and first gave fire? (most High,
So doing did he not at thee let fly
His damned shot? yes surely that he did;
For thine Annointed in thy self was hid.)
Thou cruel wolfe that washt thy impious pawes
In Soveraigne blood in spight of holy Lawes,
Or of the Lord himself? who did command
That thou shouldst honour, but him not withstan;
Art Thou not He! who wouldst no Colledge have?
Cause thence thou wert expelled like a knave,
And the Towers Records greatly did'st desire
To see translated into flames of fire:

Withall adviſe that ſome would *Pauls* confound
(Even rev'rend *Pauls*) and raze it to the ground:
And then pave *Thames ſtrete* with its (ſacred) ſtones,
Which, ſince their wicked motion, have their groans
Sent up to Heav'n, and brought down on thy head
Gods Vengeance, which will ſhortly ſtrik thee dead.
O helliſh Monſter who haſt been moſt vile,
Murdering one Father, th' other in exile
Laboring with all thy Power to ſend, ev'n thine
Own Countries Father, gracious, aud divine;
And likewiſe haſt been ſo extreamly baſe,
As to throw dirt in thine own Mothers face,
And oft to ſtumble at a ſtraw, wert ſeen,
But high, and mighty blocks leap over cleane,
To ſtraine much at a gnat, (O tender ſoul)
Yet eaſily devoure a Camel whole:
Church Ceremonies thou could'ſt not indure,
And yet thou mad'ſt it nothing to inure
Thy ſelf to an offence dark and uncleane
As Witchcraft; damn'd Rebellion I meane,
Rebellion, that fowle, aud filthy ſin
Which thy black ſoul deepely was bathed in.)
Thou cry'dſt' gainſt Biſhops, why was all thy moan
They Anti-chriſtian were cauſe Thou waſt none:
The *Hierarchy* muſt altogether down
In policy thence to ſupplant the Crown;
For there's no greater Truth in any thing,
Then this tryed rule, no Biſhop, and no King.

A

Art thou not Hee ? who under the pretence
Of Piety, helpt baniſh it, from hence:
And like a Player in the Pulpit ſhew'd
Thy canting tricks, ah, how moſt vile. and lewd!
Thundring out Providence a Prologue to
Some horrid act thou wert about to do.
And wonderfully ſwallow down thy throate
Engagements, Oathes, and Cov'nants, & what not?
With as much eaſe as Iuglers do their Knives,
Or thou embracedſt Zealous loveing wives, (melt
Or ſome ſtrange lightning which the blade doth
Within the Sheath, whileſt that no ſcorching felt.
Art thou not Hee ? that did'ſt lead out o'th way
The fervent Siſters, both by night, and day,
Ev'n when they came to hear thee pray, and preach
Thou did'ſt deſigne them then, to over reach:
Oh ! how laſcivious was thy intent
Let Sinners judge of the long Parliament:
I hope they n'ere may hear you any more,
Nor the ſtout butcher beat you out o'th dore.
Art thou not Hee ? who with thy cunning pate
Emptyedſt the weaker veſſells of their Plate,
And when thou mad'ſt moſt ſhew to ſeek the Lord
Thou then moſt playd'ſt the Devill under bord.
Thimbles, and Bodkinss Jewells, and the like,
Made them their Husbands with the ſcabbard ſtrik;
Thou haveing drawn the ſword: O mighty man.

Of war what flesh could once withstand Thee then
In those thy Rampant dayes, when women rose
Betimes, resolved to be led by th' Nose
By a seducing Sophister, whose end
To lust, gain, and Rebellion did tend.
In these thy *summum bonum* thou did'st place
Grand Hypocrite, even when thy Text was Grace
Bible, as well as *Alcoran* might burn
Alike for Thee, when thou had'st serv'd thy turn,
Thou *Boanerges*, Fire brand, Chaplain fell
Most fit for *Nol*, and for the Devil in Hell.

XI.

But stay how now, *Nol*, and the Devil here
I find conjoyn'd, as they at *Wor'ster* were,
And know not well how I shall part them, so
For ought I see they must together go:
O may they never more return, least they
Should joine with new lights, and renew the fray,
And like so many *Iacks* with lanthornes blaze,
And madmen make and fools lead *Lamberts* maze,
Whereby a *Monk* may needfull be once more
To fright away the Spirits as before,
And mystically set them such a spell,
As Heav'n alone could his good meaning tell,
Georg the Great Arbiter of three whole Nations,

O're

O're threw the Dragon to our admirations,
And many a woodcock took in his dark net,
Which he to th' purpoſe for *Iohn Lambert* ſet
'Mongſt many there; but O behold th' event
Both ſtrange, and true, *Jack* in a box was pent.

XII.

What oracle that e'r was heard of vented
Such dextrous language as *George* complemented?
'Tis well that He himſelf knew what it ment
Before the Poſts, and chains did give it vent,
How ſtrang a Card to the Rebellious Rump,
And its well wiſhers did He turn up Trump,
Who in a Northern miſt white powder ſhot,
Which ſcatter'd all his foes, yet ſounded not.
George on his horſe, ſcarce ſeen, nor underſtood,
Did conjure out of evil what is good,
Good for the King. and Kingdoms, and for All
Who date their riſing from grand Rebells fall.

XIII.

The Dragon being conquer'd, and his Tayle
Pickled in ſouſe: whilſt Fooles did it bewayle,
George, and his *Boyes*, O rare! the Rump did roſt
By ſuch a fire, as was unſeen by moſt,

An

And unfelt too, till theythe ſauce did make
And the true Members did their Places take,
Who did aſſeſs what reck'ning ſhould be pay'd
By thoſe who had ſo many ſoules betray'd.

XIIII.

And now *Iohn Lambert* tell me what that trick
Avayled thee, thou ſerved'ſt honeſt *Dick*?
In Him perſwading timely to reſigne
His uſurp'd place, that ſo it might be thine.
And *Dick* where art thou now, (old Noll his ſon)
Who *Whitlome* had'ſt ſo many Healths begun
Unto thy Fathers Landlord? (if thou be
Eſteemed, or not, it ſhall not trouble me:
I never was thy favorite, nor his
Nor the Rumps lover, (hang him up that is.)
And whats become of all that perjured fry
That vow'd to God with thee to live, and die?
They may one part keep of their vow, but when
They'l keep it all, we ſhall ſee wonders then.
Surely they with the New lights vaniſh'd be,
For I not any one of them can ſee;
I hope they ne're will come again to cauſe
Fooles wander from their God, and from their
Nor *Monk* occaſion when they go aſtray, (Laws,
To bring them back into the Kings high way,

XV.

Now thankes to thee good *Monk*, to whom God
A large Commiſſion, Nations to ſave, (gave
And Liberty to weare wiſe *Gyges* ring
To the advantage of thy Self, and King,
With ſtrength to vanquiſh that *Chimera* which
Had join'd with Mars three Nations to bewitch;
Thou like God *Janus* truly haſt divin'd,
Looking not only 'fore thee, but behind;
And beyond *Argus* ſuch watch ſtill did'ſt keep
As that no Mercury could make thee ſleep.
'Twas thou who ſtoutly (maugre all thy Foes)
With burning Tongs held'ſt *Cromwel* by the Noſe,
And when as *Atlas* ſhoulders did incline,
Thou then all Britane did'ſt uphold with thine.
Monk! thou great *Monk*!! whoſe worth a lone out (ſpells
And weighs down all the *Monks* in Roomes proud (Cells.
Pronounc'd I *Monk*? Why? then the man I nam'd
Who by a word both Land, and Sea new fram'd.
Made the round world looke ſquare, out of night
Extracted Day, out of a *Chaos* Light:
I challeng all the Heathen Gods to one
To do the like as mighty *Monk* hath done.
The Name alone of *Monk* did conquer more

Then

Then all the Guns in ſev'rall years before,
No Canon ſounded like the Name of *Monk*,
At whoſe report *Lambert* his hornes in ſhrunk,
And the ſcar'd Rumpers fowly did bewray
Their feats, and ſo moſt ſweetly run away.
And now I hope we may good times regaine,
For now (the LORD be prayſ'd) my CHARLS doth
Well may he long do ſo, to his content, (raigne
And live our KING, our Lawes, and *PARLA-*
MENT

AND now great JOVE my thanks accept I pray
For bringing me thus forward on my way.
Unto my KING, in ſounding his welcome
Whoſe Triumphs bleſt Eternity will Crowne,
Momus *himſelf muſt needs, be ſtrucken dumb*
Now CHARLS, (next under GODS) his King
(domeſcome
His Kingdomes crowne, and happy will be they
Who fear their GOD, and do their KING obey.
Amen.

Finiſhed
June 1660.